NOONDAY REST. BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS. Calmer than midnight's deepest hush Is the sun-bright summer nooning. With its cloudy shadows seeking rost, That fall on the hill-side swooning.

Great Night with its solemn starry eyes, Over Day's gate asks us whither We go, what our pass-word is, To the camp beyond the river.

But sunny Noon with its sleepy smite Ripples the grain field over, Without a thought of the silent graves That may lie beneath the clover.

Knee-deep the drowsy cattle stand In the water's golden glimmer. While berry bush and bramble spray Along the hot wall shimmer. The plough-share glitters in the sur Through murdered daisies clinging; The nested birds leave busy bees To do the noouday singlug.

Bright Noon no eager question asks, But like an old nurse story Told as she holds us on her breast, Croons soft of love and glory. The weary ploughman's lazy length Lies in the shadow narrow, That cliugs about the haystack foot, Careless as guarded sparrow.

Oh, peaceful hour of summer Noon! Life has its midnight slumber; Has it no mounday rest for us, When cares shall cease to cumber!

THE HALLOW-EVE MYSTERY A LEGEND OF THE BLACK HALL. CHAPTER L.

THE BERNERS OF THE BURNING HEARTS Their love was like the lava flood That burns in Etna's breast of flame." Near the end of a dark Autumn-day, not many years ago, a young couple, returning from their bridal tour, ar-

rived by steamer at the old city of Norfolk; and, taking a hack, drove directly to the best inn. The gentleman registered himself and his party as Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Berners, of Black Hall, Virginia, and two

"We shall need a private parlor and chamber communicating for our own use, and a couple of bedrooms for our servants," said Mr. Berners, as he handed his hat

and cane to the bowing waiter. "Certainly, sir. What would you like for tea!" asked the landlord.

"Oh, anything you please, so that it is nice and neatly served," said Mr. Berners, with a slightly impatient wave of his hand as if he would have been rid of his ob-

"Ah-ha! anything I please! It is easy to see what ails him. He lives upon love just now; but he'll care more about his bill of fare a few weeks hence," chuckled the landlord, as he left the public parlor to execute his The bridegroom was no sooner left alone with his bride

than he seated her in the easiest arm-chair, and began with affectionate zeal to until her bonnet-strings and un-

You make my maid a useless appendage, dear Lyon," eard the little lady, stolling up in his eyes. "You love me so much, dear Lyon! You love me so much! Yet not too much either! for oh! if you should ever cease to love me, or even if you were ever to love me less, I-I- dare not think what I should do!" she muttered in a long, deep, shuddering tone. "Why, Sybil, my wife-you beautiful mad creature!

You are a true daughter of your house! A Berners of the burning heart! A Berners of the boiling blood! A Berners of whom it has been said, that it is almost as Suddenly in the midst of their converse they heard the

sound of weeping-low, deep, heart-broken weeping. Both paused, looked at each other, and listened. The sound seemed to come from a room on the opposite

side of the passage to their own apartment. "What is that !" inquired Sybil, looking up to her hus band's face.

"It seems to be some woman in distress," answered "Oh! see what it is, dear, will you?" entreated Sybil

She was herself so happy, that it was really dreadful to be reminded just then that sorrow should exist in this world at all. But if she could have foreseen the woe that was to

come to herself, to her husband, and to the object of her sympathy, she would have held Lyon back, as with the grip of fate, from the mission on which she now sent For the weeper was a beautiful woman-a deserted

wife-named Rosa Blondelle, who, although but a few days landed from the vessel which had brought her from Europe, had been robbed of her jewels and money by her husband, and then left to her fate in that Norfolk Hotel. Sybil was deeply moved by this lady's story, and insisted on taking Mrs. Blondelle home with her to Black Hall, and Mr. Berners gave his assent to her wishes.

But before they got ready to set out on their journey, Sybil bitterly repented of the arrangement. Mrs. Blondelle was so enchantingly lovely, that Mr. Berners at once began to yield to her charms; and Sybil, for the first time, saw him pay the homage of admiration to other beauty than her own.

This kindled the fires of jealousy in her heart, and by the time they reached Black Hall, those fires had become fanned into an inextinguishable flame. And no Berners had ever been known to forgive an ob

Black Hall, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Berners, was a palatial old Virginia mansion, situated in the heart of the Black Valley, a few infles from Blackville, the county town. It had been in Mrs. Berners' family for genera-

tions, and was renowned for the scenes of gayety and hospitality which had transpired beneath its roof.

Mis. Berners, the last of her race, to give vent to the emotions of her restless, jealous heart, resolved to reinaugurate the festivities of the olden time, and for that purpose announced a mask ball for the ensuing All-Halllow Eve, and at once set about getting all things is read

low Eve, and at once set about getting all things is readliness.

One day while she was absent at Blackville, making
purchases, Lyou and Rosa became so absorbed in one
another, as to become oblivious of the entry of Mrs. Winterose, the old housekeeper, who found them sitting
closely side by side, her hand clasped in his. On Sybil's
return, the old housekeeper described this scene to her,
with many exaggerations. The revelation seemed to
freeze Sybiliato ice.

"Oh, my heart! my heart!" she moaned, turning
deathly pale. And then, after a long silence, she bitterly
sideded, "Deceived! Betrayed! Scorned! Laughed at!
Well, well!" she centinued, nodding grimly; "well, well,
since deceit is the fashion of the day, I too will be in the
fashion; I too will wear a mask of smiles! But behind
that mask, I will watch!—Oh, how I will watch! Not at
my fancy-ball alone will I play a part, but before it, and
purhaps, after it! None shall ever know how I watch,
what I see, until I descend with the fell swoop of the
cagle. And henceforth let me remember that I am a
daughter of the house of Berners, who never failed a
friend or spared a foe. And oh, let the spirit of my
fathers support me, for I must Endura until I can
Atange!"
And oh! could those triflers with sacred love—those

wanderers on the brink of a fearful abyss—have seen the look of her face then, they would have fled from each other for ever, rather than to have dared the desperation But they saw nothing, knew nothing, suspected noth-And thus all the three drifted towards the awful brink

tained.

But far the most beautiful, for the most terrible flaure in the pageantry of the evening, was that of Sybil Berners! She bad chosen for her character the imprecedented part of the impersonation of the spirit of Fire. It suited well with the whole nature. Her costaine was but the outward sign of the inward iervor.

Sybil had comiled the serie of her costaine to no one but her husband, who was himself attired as "Harold the Saxon," while Mrs. Blondelie assumed the character of "Edith the Fair."

give me a brother's kiss, and let me go," she pleaded, He hesitated for a moment, and then bending over her,

he said:
"It is the first, and for your own sake it must be the last, Rosa!" and he pressed his lips to hers.
It was the last as well as the first; for at the meeting of their lips they were stricken asunder as by the fall of a thunderbolt! thunderbolt!
And Sybil blazing with wrath like a spirit from the
Lake of Fire, stood between them!
She looked not hunan—with her whole face and form
heaving, palpitating, flashing forth the lightnings of "Syent!!" exclaimed her husband, thunderstruck, sp-

She waved her hand toward him, as if to implore or She waved her hand toward him, as it to improve or command silence.

"I have nothing to say to you," she muttered, in low and husky tones, as if ashes were in her throat. "But to you!" she said, and her yote rose clear and strong as she turned and stretched out her arm toward Rosa, who was leading in affiright against the wall—"To YoU, traitress, who has come between the true husband and his wife—in the morning you must leave the house you have descerated! for if you do not, or if ever I find your false face here again, I will tread down and crush out your life with less remorse than ever I set heel upon a spider! I will, as I am a Berners! And now, begone, and never let me see your form again!"

Rosa Blondelle, who had stood spell-bound by the terrible gaze and overwheeming words of Spbil, the wronged wife, now suddenly threw up her hands, and with a low cry fied from the room.

wife, now suddenly throw up acry fied from the room.

And Sybil dropped her arm and her voice at the same instant, and stood dumb and motioniess.

And now, at length, Lyon Berners spoke again.

"Sybil" he said, "this house is yours! You must do as you please. But this I tell you: that in the same hour which sees that poor and friendless young creature driven from the shelter of this roof, I leave it too, and leave

taken in her character.

"Oh, go!" she answered, bitterly—"go as soon as you like, Lyon Berners. Good-night, and—good-bye," she said, and with a wave of her hand she passed from the

He was mad to have spoken as he did; madder still to let her leave him so! how mad, he was soon to leare.

Lyon Berners remained walking up and down the room some time longer. The lights were all out, and the serrants gone to bed. Yet still be continued to pace up and lown the parlor floor, until suddenly piercing shricks mote his car.

In great terror, he started forward and instinctively.

vants gone to bed. Tet and its suddenly piercing shricks smote his car.

In great terror he started forward and instinctively rushed towards Rosa's room, when the door was suddenly thrown open by Rosa herself, pale, bieeding from a wound in her breast.

"Great heaven! What is this!" he cried, as, aghast with amazement and sorrow, he supported the ghastly and dying form, and laid it on the sofa, and then sunk on his knees beside it.

"Who, who has done this!" he wildly demanded, as, almost paralyzed with horror, he knelt beside her, and tried to stanch the gushing wound from which her lifeblood was fast welling.

She opened her bloedless lips, now paling in death, and gasped forth the words!

"She—Sybli—your wife. I teld you she would do it, and she has done it. Sybil Berners has murdered me," she whispered. Then raising herself with a last dying effort, she cried aloud, "Hear, all! Sybil Berners has murdered me." And with this charge upon her lips, sho rell back DEAD.

Even in that supreme moment Lyon Berners' first thought, almost his only thought, was for his wife. He looked up to see who was there—who had heard this awful, this fatal charge.

All were there! guests and servants, men and women, drawn there by the dreadful shrieks. All had heard the horrible accusation.

And all stood panie-stricken, as they shrank away from

drawn there by the dreadful shrieks. All had heard the horrible accusation.

And all stood paule-stricken, as they shrank away from one who stood in their midst.

It was she, Sphil, the accused, whose very aspect accused her more loudly than the dying woman had done; for she stood there, still in her flery masquerade dress, her face pallid, her cyos biaxing, her wild black hairloose and streaming, her crimsomed hand raised and grasping a blood-stained dagger.

"O, wretched woman! most wretched woman! What is this that you have done!" groaned Lyen Berners, in unutterable agony—agony not for the dead beauty before him, but for the living wife, whom he folt that he had driven to this deed of desperation.

"Lyon Berners, do you believe me guilty!" she asked.

He looked up, and their eyes met. If he had really believed her guilty, he did not now. He answered briefly and firmity:

and firmly:
"No. Sybil! Hearen knows that I do not; but explain
this horrible business—If you can!"
"The explanation is this," she said, emphatically. And
then her voice arose clear, firm, and distinct, as she con-

tinued:
"I was in my chamber, which is immediately above
that occupied by Mrs. Blondelle. My chamber is approached by two ways—first by the front passage and
stairs, and secondly by a narrow staircase running up
from Mrs. Blondelle's room. I do not know how long I stairs, and secondly by a narrow staircase running up from Mrs. Blondelic's room. I do not know how long I had sat there when I heard a piercing shriek from some one in the room below. Instinctively I rushed down the communicating stairs, and into Mrs. Blendelle's room, and up to her bed, where I saw by the light of the taper she was lying. Her eyes were closed, and I thought at first that she had fainted from some fright, until, almost at the same instant, I saw this dagger—" here Sybli stooped and picked up the dagger that she had dropped a few minutes before—" driven to its haft in her cheat. I drew it out. Instantly the blood from the epened wound spirted up, covering my hand and sleeve with the accusing stains you see! With the flowing of the blood her eyes flew wildly open! She gazed affirightedly at me for an instant, and then with the last effort of her life, for which terror lent her strength, she started up and fled shricking to this room. I, still holding the dagger that I had drawn from her bosom, followed her here. And—you know the rest," said Sybli; and, overcome with excitement, she sank upon the nearest chair to rest.
Her story had evidently made a great impression upon the company present. But Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed;
"Good Heavenst that lady's inistaken charge has put

the company present. But Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Heavensi that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the seent, and allowed the inurderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some cine may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come, neighbors, and let us search the premises."

And Lyon Berners, having the shuddering women of the party in the room with Sybil and the dead, and followed by all the men, went to search the house and grounds for traces of the assassin.

But the search proved truitiess. No trace of an intruder could be found, nor was there any evidence of robbery. Furthermore, all the windows were found fastened on the inside. There had been no way of cutering the murdered coman's room except by the stairway leading from Sybil's chamber.

Captain Pendieton, an old lover of Sybil's, and a hotoher of Bestrix, saw that there was no salety except in instant flight. He whispered Lyon to take Sybil to her room, and then to meet him on the back plazza. This was dence, and then the captain unfolded alls already matured plans. Lyon adopted them at once; and under the skillful management of Captain Pendieton and Beatrix, they got out of the house unseen, and were soon on their way toward a piace of concealment, known as the Hannted Chapel, where new and unexpected horrors a waited them.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAUNTED CHAPTE.

The Haunted Chapel to which Mr. and Mrs. Berners were going was in a dark and lonely gorge on the other side of the mountain.

They arrived safely at the old ruin, where in the course of the day they were joined by Mrs. Berners' faithful servant Joe, whose affection for his mistress had led him to play the spy, and find out where she was going, and secretly follow her with provisions and means for making her somewhat counfortable.

The funditives feft so depressed, that even the cheerful supper supplied by Joe could not relieve them of the overshadowing gloom which had settled on their hearts. A strange drowshiess soon appressed them, and they sank into a deep sleep, as thougat they had been drugged with some powerful matectic. Mr. Berners was aroused before daylight by Joe, who instantly drow him outside the chapel in alarm.

Sybil, left alone in the Haunted Chapel, continued to sleep soundly. How long she had slept she never could tell, when she was suddenly and fearthaly aroused.

She felt hands at work about her person. They were creeping under her shoulders and under her himbs; they were lifting her from her mattress. Her eyes lared open in wild afright, and who saw two black shrouded forms, the one at her legal the other at her feet.

She tried to cry out in Ter agony of terror; but her voice died away in her bosom, and all her powers seemed palsed. They raised her up, and bore her on—great heaven! whither?

To the open door of the vault under the chapel, from whose hanted depths a spectral light gleamed!

icaven! whither?

To the open door of the yault under the chapel, from whose hainted depths a spectral light gleamed!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and haid her on he deadly floor!

The tron door clanged loudly to, resounding through be dismal arches. the dismal arches.
"We have her now?" muttered a hoarse voice. A hol-

"We have her now?" muttered a hoarse voice. A holow hugh responded.

And Sybil swooned with horror!

When Sybil recovered from her death-like swoon, she found herself, in a specious cavern of such exceeding beauty and splender, that for an instant-she lost sight of her terrors in her natchishment and admiration, and then her eyes settled upon a figure who scened the sole occupant of the place.

This was a young girl, who, with her red cloak thrown matrike on the mose, was scated upon it cross-legged in the Turkish tashion. Her effin face, her malign eyes, her wild, that hair and pletticesque costume, were all so in keeping with the aspect of the place, that one might have deemed for the splitt of the cavern.

The two women looked at each other in silence for perhaps hair a mantic; and then Syish spoke:

"What place is thus Who are you! Why am I brought hither:"

"What place is thist Who are you! Why am I brought hither?"
"One question at a time," answered the girl,
"What place this is, concerns you little; I am a glysy, and my name is Gentilliska; "why you are brought here," at! that enheurs you very much! It concerns your liberty, and perhaps your his."
"I do not believe it! You have had me forn away from my lushama! Where is he now!" haughtfly demanded Mrs. Benrers.

"He is likely in the hands of the constables, who are by this time in possession of the Haunted Chapel. But lear nothing! Him they will release again, for they have no right to detain him; but you they would bave kept, If they had entight you. The constables were coming there for us, but they would have found you had we not brought you away with us. That was my doing. I made your removal the condition of my silence."

"But when will you communicate with my husband, to relieve his dreadful suspense!"
"As soon as it shall be safe to do so. Our first care must be our own safety, but our secend will be yours."

Sybil said no more at the moment; but sat looking at the speaker, and thinking of all that had befallen her in the Ifaunted Chapel.

"No, no, no!" answered the others.

"Oh, if Satan were here!" cried the girl, in despair.

"BATAN IS HERM!" responded a voice close by.
And the robber captain stood among them as if he had seen from the earth.

risen from the earth.
Moloch dropped Sybil, and cowered in the most abject manner.
Sybil looked up, and turned cold from head to foot;
for in the handsome, stately, graceful form of the brigand
chief, she recognized the finished gentleman who, in the
character of "Death," had danced with her at her own
mask ball, and—the probable murderer of Rosa Bion-

mask ball, and—the probable murderer of Rosa Blondelle.

While the walls of the cavern seemed whirling around Sybil, the robber captain calmly came up to her, lifted his hat, and said:

"Spirit of Fire, I am happy to welcome you to your own appropriate dwelling place:" and then, without expecting an answer, he turned to Moloch, and said in his smoothest tones:

"Be so good as to give me this seat, sir."

But Sybil saw that the giant turned pale and trembled like the fabled mountain in labor, as he left the seat by her side, and slunk into another at some distance.

The wine passed freely at the robbers' table, and the men grew merrier, wilder, more uprearious. Sybil became very much alarmed; and not so much by the noisy orgies of these rude revalers, as by the dreadful gaze of Moloch fixed upon her from the opposite end of the table where he sat, and the offensive language of Satan's eyes whenever they were furned towards her.

At length, unable to bear the trial longer, she arose from her seat, and courtesying to these brigands as she would have done to any set of gentlemen of whom she was taking leave, Sybil left the cavern, followed by Gentiliska, the gipsy girl.

"I must take you to another grotto. You cannot oc-

mpy mine to-night," said the girl, with evident reluc

cupy mine to-night," said the girl, with evident reluctance.

"But, oh! wby, why may I not stay with you! I am afraid to sleep alone in this terrible place!" pleaded Sybil.

"I have a reason, but I cannot tell it to you now. Yes, I will, too! I will tell you at all risks! Then it is this: My chamber is not safe for you! I myself am not strong enough to protect you! You might be carried off forcibly from my side! I must hide you were no devil may find you to night!" whispered the girl.

"Oh, do not leave me here alone!" pleaded Sybil. "If I must stay, stay with me! I do not fear death; but oh! I fear these men! Do not leave me!"

"I must, for your own safety. They must not miss me, or their suspicions will be aroused."

Then, pointing to a bed of moss, and recommending her guest to lie down and seek repose, the glpsy girl glided away through the labyrinth of caves and was lost to sight and hearing.

Sybil's first impulse was to start up and runfafter her hosters, but she restrained herself and sank half fainting upon the heap of moss.

There was but a faint sparkling of light in the cave.

upon the heap of moss.

There was but a faint sparkling of light in the cave, coming from a crevice in the roof through which the coming from a crevice in the advice of Gentiliska.

"Seek repose," had been the advice of Gentiliska.

Sybil dared not seek it if she could, and could not have
found it if she had. Hour after hour passed in trancelike stiliness and slience, when at length she fancied she
heard a creeping, stealthy step approaching. Nearly
frozen with terror, she listened and watched more inrective than ever. Alone, helpless, in darknoss and soli-

thide, what horrid fate must she meet! The creeping, cautious footstep drew mearer, nearer!

Oh, Heaven! It was no fancy! The entrance of the cavern was more deeply darkened for one moment, and then the huge form of Moloch stood within the cavern and nearly filled it up.

Paralyzed with horror, Sybil could neither move nor cry out—not even when the monster approached her, and put his profane hand upon her face. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated June 26, and in it you will find the continuation of this heautiful tide. The Ledger has the bost stories of any paper in the world; and Heary Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern, have articles in ever number.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE ROBUER CHIEFTAIN.

That ever scattled slip or can at thost.

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